

The TATLER

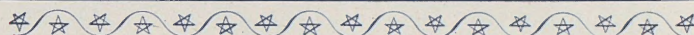
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London
September 11, 1940



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
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Salmon (fresh or canned)	Tomatoes
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The whole secret of drying plums is in drying them *slowly*. First wash your fruit and arrange on muslin-covered racks or wire trays. Dry as slowly as possible, at never more than 120°F. Use, on several consecutive days, the heat left in your oven after cooking. Keep the oven door ajar. After about 15 hours' drying, test by squeezing a plum gently. If the skin doesn't break, the fruit is ready. Allow to cool for 12 hours and then pack in jars.

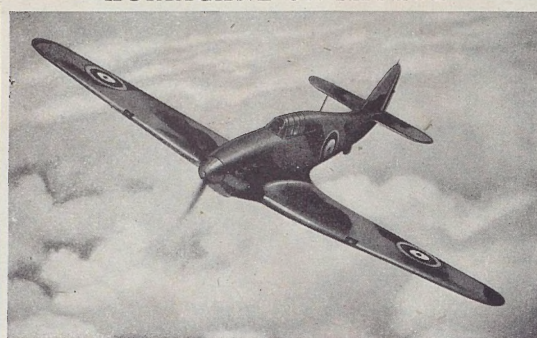
A NEW SALAD. Wash and drain a crisp lettuce, put it in a bowl and pour over it a dressing made by mixing thoroughly 2 tablespoonfuls salad oil, 1 tablespoonful vinegar with salt and pepper to taste. Turn the lettuce over and over in the dressing with a wooden spoon; then line your bowl with it. Pile in the middle a grated raw carrot, a chopped apple, a cupful of cooked diced potatoes, and decorate with chopped mint and a small chopped onion.

THE BLACKBERRY CROP



Blackberries are ripening fast all over the country. Don't neglect this good and health-giving fruit. Try to organise blackberry-picking parties—but take care to close all gates and avoid trampling on crops.

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THE TATLER

Vol. CLVII. No. 2046

LONDON • SEPTEMBER 11 • 1940

Price: One Shilling

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Janet Jeans

EVELYN LAYE, CHARMING CHAIRMAN OF E.N.S.A. FOR THE NAVY

Evelyn Laye, so well known in revue and musical comedy, in private life the wife of Frank Lawton, has just returned to London from a tour of many of Britain's ports, where in her capacity as Chairman of the Naval Branch of E.N.S.A., she has been to discover exactly the form of entertainment that is wanted by the men. She has herself entertained many thousands of our sailors and finds them a most appreciative audience, in fact, says that they have thoroughly spoilt her! The cap she is wearing has many messages written on it by sailors to whom she has sung. A few months ago Evelyn Laye made her début in cabaret at the Café de Paris, and is one of the actresses sometimes rather wickedly impersonated by Florence Desmond, and by Binnie Hale in *Up and Doing* at the Saville Theatre



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

America and Us

As the days go by it becomes more and more evident that the offensive defence in the air put up by this country is not only seriously upsetting German plans of conquest but also powerfully influencing public opinion in the United States where the swing-over to pro-Ally opinion is gathering force every day. I say pro-Ally because although we are the immensely predominant partner in this war we must not forget that it seems to people in America a crusade of all those peoples in Europe who have had the courage to want to remain free.

The greatest preoccupation of the Americans today is with their own unpreparedness not only to defend their land in the not immediately probable event of direct aggression but also to afford much effective military aid to their friends. The Americans were among the many people who took our free policing of the seas as something for granted. We have no cause for complaint for this policing was, of course, eminently useful to our imperial interests but we did patrol the world and some little peoples such as the Dutch got a free police service which enabled them to wax fat on the profits

of an empire more than sixty times the size of little Holland.

Holland

The Dutch whose social and political régime seemed secure enough were too tolerant of foreign propaganda and too careless of labour unrest, often well justified. The rich little land carried a disproportionately large number

Vichy Government's control. Not that there is any famine or real menace thereof. The howls of Baudouin and other members of the Pétain camarilla are intended to mask the breakdown of communications in the unoccupied territory and the incompetence of the Government. The food situation differs from place to place in the "rump" territory but nowhere is there any sign of real want.

France is an immensely productive and rich land. It is true that the "rump" is the least fertile part of France and that the normal population is swollen by many refugees whose total numbers have been probably much exaggerated *pour les besoins de la cause*.

Paris Nazified

Paris, voided of perhaps a half of its population and of all those foreigner residents who could get away, looks like an abnormally empty holiday Paris, perhaps no more empty than the capital seemed in the weeks when paid holidays for workers were first instituted. Life goes on much the same as before except that prices have risen and the Germans are cleaning up the shops and stores with their "special" marks. M. Sacha Guitry and his fourth wife, who is a singularly bad actress and quite violently anti-English, hold the bill in one of the theatres. The "Métro" (Underground) is reopening. Various sporadic attempts have been made to organize anti-Jewish demonstrations which have not had much success. Firstly, because the Parisian

(Continued on page 344)



DACHSHUND WEDDING GUEST

Lady Louis Mountbatten, wearing Red Cross uniform, is seen at the wedding of her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Ashley to Mr. Ernest Laurie Gardner, which took place at Caxton Hall on September 3. Mrs. Ashley (formerly Mrs. Cunningham-Reid) and her sister are daughters of the late Lord Mount Temple. Mr. Gardner was working until recently with a firm of engineers in Westminster, but is now an officer cadet. He is a son of the late Sir Ernest Gardner, for many years the Member for East Berks

of unemployed. The Queen for years avoided Amsterdam because of the cold if not hostile reception she received. Nazi doctrines made great progress among the youth of the country. The bluff of the New Economic Order sounded sweet in the ears of the men in a state where although the general standard of living was high the glaring contrast between very rich and pretty poor could not be hid. There just isn't room in Holland to hide anything.

New Economic Order

It is the New Economic Order which is being drummed into the ears of men in the Low Countries and France today.

Little by little we can piece together a very fair comprehensive picture of the state of things in unoccupied France and in Paris. What is going on in the rest of occupied France is more difficult to know except that the food situation is a good deal better there than in the provinces directly under the



AT THE NATIONAL DEFENCE LUNCHEON

Mr. Quo Tai Chi, the Chinese Ambassador in London, with Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, who are seen having a cheerful chat, were amongst the many interesting guests who attended the National Defence Public Interest Committee luncheon given at the Dorchester to Mr. Anthony Eden, the Secretary of State for War. In his speech he gave a survey of the Army today; praised the personnel, but on the subject of supplies he said more, and yet more, were needed in every sphere



MORE IMPORTANT GUESTS AT THE LUNCHEON

Representatives of all the Services, and every rank in the Army from Private to Field Marshal were present at the National Defence luncheon given on the anniversary of the declaration of war, and many notable guests were present to hear Mr. Eden's speech. The High Commissioner for Canada, the Hon. Vincent Massey is shown at the table deep in conversation with General Sir Alan Brooke, the Commander-in-Chief Home Forces



TWO V.C.s LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE

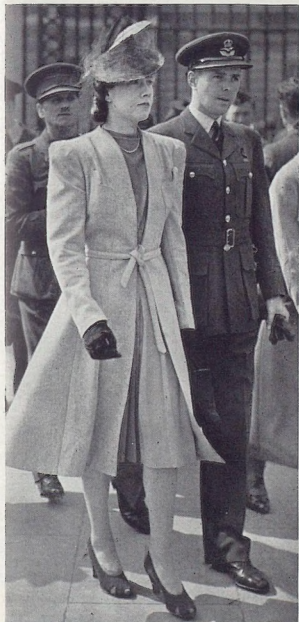
In the centre of the picture is seen Lieutenant Richard Been Stannard, R.N.R., of H.M.S. *Arab*, awarded the second V.C. of the war for gallantry and devotion to duty at Namsos. On right, Second-Lieutenant Richard Wallace Annand, Durham Light Infantry, whose V.C. was gained for conspicuous gallantry in Belgium. With him is his fiancée, Miss Shirley Brittain Osborne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Osborne, of Selsey, Sussex. On the left of the picture are Mr. Annand's uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. Robert Chapman.

AT LAST WEEK'S INVESTITURE



TWO NAVAL DECORATIONS

Commander Edward R. Conder, of H.M.S. *Whitshed*, who received both the D.S.O. and the D.S.C. for services in operations off the Dutch, Belgian and French coasts, is seen leaving the Palace after the investiture with his wife and two small sons, David and John. The latter is obviously going to follow his father into the Navy later on



ESSEX CRICKETER D.F.C.

Pilot Officer R. M. Taylor, better known as Reg. Taylor, the all-round Essex cricketer, leaving the Palace with his wife after receiving his D.F.C. from the King. He was granted his commission early this year and played cricket for Sir Pelham Warner's team against the Club Cricket Conference at Lord's last month



RECORD SPEED PILOT AWARDED D.F.C.

Wing Commander John Woodburn Gillan, A.F.C., who made a record flight some years ago, was awarded the D.F.C. at last week's investiture, for gallantry and devotion to duty in air operations. He is seen with his fiancée, Miss Clare Luce, the American actress, who is a tireless worker in the cause of many Anglo-American war charities



AIRCRAFT DESTROYER

Squadron Leader the Hon. Maxwell Aitken, son and heir of Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Aircraft Production, who is awarded the D.F.C., had destroyed in June eight German planes and several more "probables." He is seen with his wife, who before her marriage was Miss Cynthia Monteith, daughter of Colonel Hugh Monteith

(ON RIGHT) AIR FORCE HONOUR

Flight Lieutenant William Rhodes-Moorhouse, one of the many Air Force Officers to be honoured by H.M. The King at the investiture at Buckingham Palace on September 3, which took place during an air raid warning for the first time in history. The King gave orders that the ceremony should be carried on and it was held inside the Palace instead of in the Quadrangle. Flight Lieutenant Rhodes-Moorhouse who received the D.F.C., is seen with his wife and his mother



The Way of the War

(Continued from page 342)

has no sort of dislike for Jews and secondly because practically all the Jews have long since left the city. A few German propaganda sheets such as *La France au Travail* preach the New Economic Order, the beauties of which are blared from the radio all day.

The theme is a simple one. The democracies have been, are, and will continue to be, unable to establish an economic and political order in Europe with any chance of success. If Europe is not economically unified it can only slip from disorder into chaos. The cure is a Continental system dominated by Germany from which Great Britain will be excluded (can this provision mean that the Germans are not quite sure of hoisting the Nazi flag in London?). Germany has learned how to live without gold (the "sterilization" the "neutralization" even the "destruction" of gold are among the favourite themes of the Nazi loudspeakers), Jews or capitalists. Plutocracy is the danger. Down with gold, the new standard is that of work done (of which Germany is to be the sole judge and estimator). Production must be so arranged that due account is taken of soil, climate and geographical position.

In fact, German "geopolitics" must be taken seriously and curiously enough the lesson of geopolitics is that Germany is the predestined economic, industrial and political centre of Europe, and the master power. All rivalries must cease under the aegis of the new Holy Roman Empire of the German Reich.

German Information

As Germany controls all the information which reaches the French in occupied or unoccupied territory, little by little the stuff sinks in. Bemused by carefully orchestrated propaganda the average Frenchman asks, "Where do I come in?" Foreign radios are jammed. We do far too little propaganda from the air, and that little is not so very effective. The picture put across to the French is of a Britain starving, cowering under the threat of invasion and on the brink of revolution. A trip to this country even of a neutral diplomat seems a highly dangerous adventure. His friends advise him to take iron rations with him—from "starving" France! In unoccupied France, at least, the news is presented in a way that appears objective. London communiques, skillfully doctored, are shown side by side with the boastings of Berlin. The news from New York (always prominently featured in the French Press) is given so as to convey the impression both of the powerlessness of the Americans to supply this country effectively, and also of the feverish, panicky preparations of the United States quaking under the fear of invasion from invincible Germany.

This, and much more of the same sort, is all the "news" the average Frenchman gets: the man who has lost his savings and is just beginning to realize it, the man who has not yet awakened from his bemusement. The French are like a man who has had his legs cut off and lying on his hospital bed still feels his ghost limbs.

French "Mussolini" and "King"

Shadowed over all is the possibility of governmental change, of social disorders and German occupation of the rest of the country. Subterranean Communist activities have never slackened. The budding Mussolini is a brawny,

brawling, loud-mouthed adventurer called Doriot, an ex-Communist, an ex-agitator in China, and a man who has taken German money for years past.

The candidate for Victor Emmanuel's job is the Comte de Paris, who has just proclaimed himself "Henry VII" on the death of his microcephalic, six-foot-nine father, the Duc de Guise. The French legitimists count all the

possible claimants to the throne who never reigned so we have as "Henry VI" the late Duc d'Orleans who lived for many years in this country at Wood Norton, and made himself despicable by his scurrilous attacks on Queen Victoria at the time of the Boer War. "Henry V" was the unlucky Comte de Chambord (the last male heir of the direct descendants of Louis XIV—the present pretenders are of the Orleans family descended from the Roi Soleil's brother) who had quite a fair chance of ascending the throne of France during the unstable years at the beginning of the Third Republic, but who chose as an excuse for his *noli episcopari* a refusal to give up the old white Bourbon flag for the tricolour.

Somebody once asked M. Thiers, the French statesman—who under Second Empire and Third Republic was the living embodiment of the virtues and the vices of the bourgeoisie—what sort of a man the Comte de Chambord seemed. "From some way off" said Thiers, "he looks like a German. Near to, like a fool."

Germany versus Russia

But, in any case, nothing can be done in France unless the Germans want it, and what they want most at the present time in the political sphere is to put over the idea that the great issues of today are international ones, and this means the unification of all non-Russian Europe under the Nazi eagle. This is what alarms the Soviet, for underneath this New Economic Order blather there is unceasingly carried on by all subterranean means the whispering campaign which points to Russia as the eventual, ultimate and real enemy, and to Communism as the evil against which all must unite for ideological, for religious reasons, as well as for those of efficiency and decent living.

The Russians have a long tradition of able and resourceful diplomacy. This tradition the Soviets have inherited from the imperial régime together with essential problems of policy which problems are conditioned by the geography of their country. How skilful Russian diplomacy was in imperial times is obvious if we stop to think that in spite of her feet of clay Russia was regarded even after successive defeats as a power so great that her every movement was of moment. It was our woeful misjudgment of Russian aggressive strength which led us in 1902 to take the step of an alliance with Japan, which has resulted in the domination of the Far East by that power.

On the other hand, the Soviet leaders have learnt from the past. They probably have no illusions about the offensive power of their army, especially if it were pitted against the Germans, but they know that the immensity of their land renders them practically invulnerable if they do not make the mistake of the Tsars and push a great bulge into Europe, for the bulge, which was called Poland, is impossible to defend, and must either be evacuated on the outbreak of war or defended until it becomes a rat-trap as in 1914.

Hence Russian efforts to obtain a straight frontier in the west, to create a powerful glacis against Leningrad to the north-west, and to push southwards.

Mediterranean Russia

The old Russian aims summed up in the apocryphal will of Peter the Great made Constantinople a Russian city. That town today has lost its significance, and the Russians

(Continued on page 1)



AT THE RED CROSS FÊTE
AT DRYMEN BRIDGE

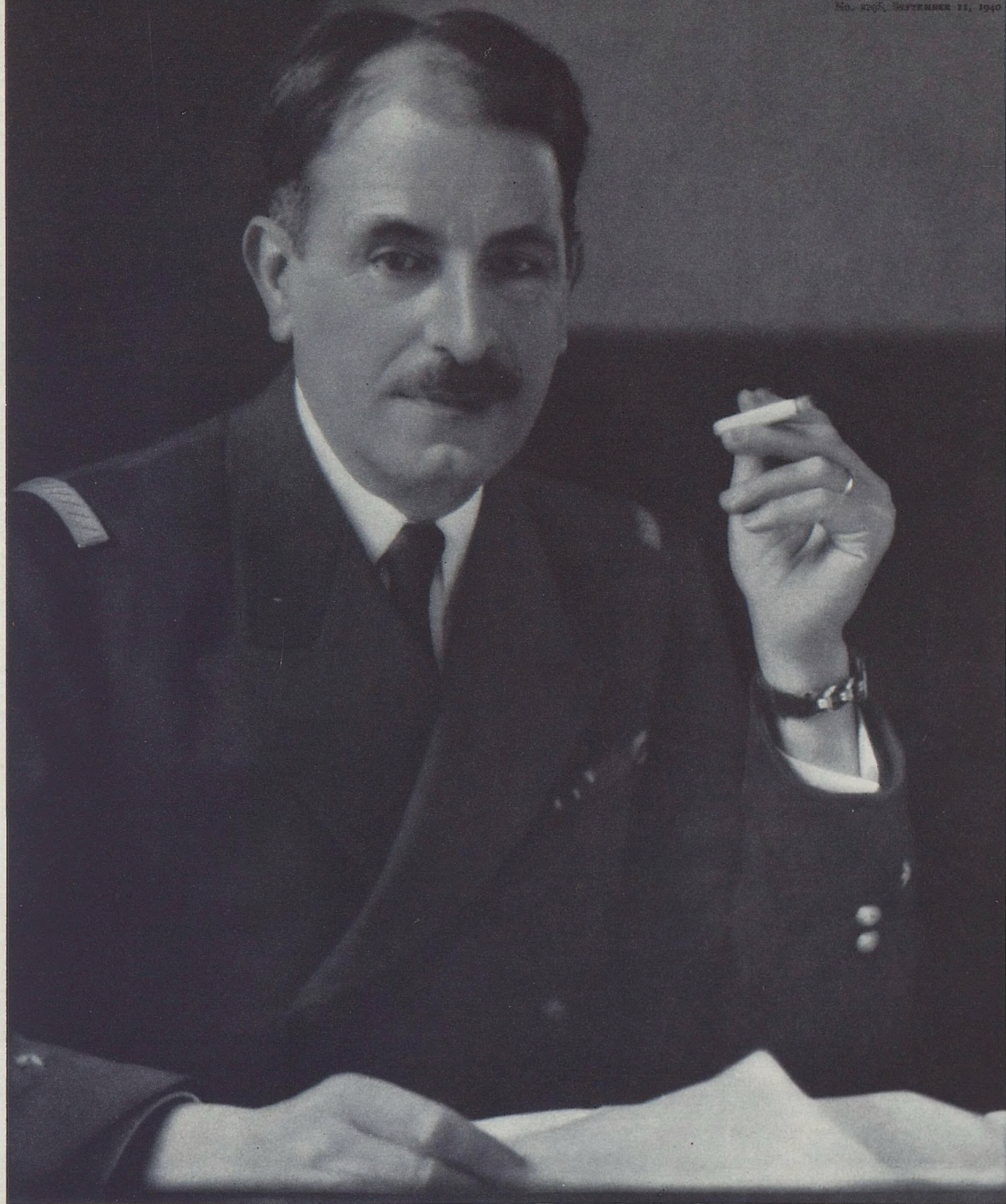
The Duke of Montrose and his daughter, Lady Jean Graham, looking very pleased with things in general, as well they might for this fête and sale realized £1,500 which was £500 more than was hoped for

Vickers



UNDER ORDERS FOR KENYA

Miss Mary Wyndham who is a command head driver (equivalent to R.S.M.) in the detachment of fifty-eight members of the Women's Mechanized Transport Corps now doing intensive training for ambulance driving in that theatre of war



ADMIRAL MUSELIER AT THE H.Q. FREE FRENCH AIR AND SEA FORCES

Lenore

Admiral Muselier had some amazing adventures after the French capitulation. With the bulk of the French Fleet at Marseilles at the time of the amazing collapse, Muselier rushed back to Paris to burn papers and documents which it was eminently undesirable should fall into the enemy's hands. He then got back to Marseilles hidden in a laundry van, and from thence managed to get to "Gib." and so by 'plane to England. He is now the organiser of the Free French Forces on the sea and in the air, and is specially busy at the moment forming a French Fleet Air Arm. Admiral Muselier is immensely popular with all ranks and with the British Services

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS," at the New Gallery, is a very much better film than I had been led to expect. The title-part is beautifully played by Master Jimmy Lydon. Jimmy is no beauty, being very nearly as snub-nosed as Mickey Rooney himself. But he is nearly as good an actor, and ten times less American; which, from the point of view of this film, is all to the good. The prejudice with which I went to the New Gallery is largely due to the sentence of one of our lady critics: "With Billy Halop, gay leader of the Dead End Kids, as the bully Flashman, and the crowd scenes alive with keen little American voices and chubby, blunt-nosed

A SHOT AT THE IMPOSSIBLE

It would be absurd to complain that the picture is not as good as the book. No picture based on a literary masterpiece ever is; by the nature of things it can't be, since a picture which is to be a picture at all will be so by virtue of its pictorial rather than its literary quality. There is the further difficulty that a modern film-audience may be presumed to have no knowledge of Tom Hughes' book, from which follows the necessity of adding that plot which Hughes felt that he could do without. This takes the form of a quarrel between Tom and East which is unconvincing, and since the character of Arthur

is too namby-pamby for modern tastes, it, too, has to be suppressed. This suppression has curious results. In the book there are two fights. There is the threesome in which Tom and East demolish Flashman, who is a foot taller and three years older than his two antagonists. You remember how the good-natured Diggs supervised the fight and called time whenever one of the weaker pair was knocked down: "I'm going to see fair, I tell you," said Diggs with a grin, and snapping his great red fingers; "taint fair for you to be fighting one of them at a time. Are you ready, Brown? Time's up." (Ever since I read

this book as a ten-year-old I have remembered that "snapping his great red fingers." How on earth is any film, directed by Eisenstein, Pudovkin and Tiddleypush combined, going to achieve the effect of those five words, which make you see Diggs better than the most Russian of close-ups?)

The second fight is that between Tom and Slogger Williams. Now this arises because Arthur, called upon to construe "the most touching thing in Homer, perhaps in all profane poetry put together," breaks down. Whereupon the Slogger has to take his place. For "clapping on the waterworks" he threatens to punch the head of the "sneaking little brute." Tom says he shan't, and the fight is on. As Arthur has dropped out of the film, Slogger Williams drops out too, and the fight we are given is one between Tom single-handed and the bully Flashman.

What the film does not attempt and, anyhow, could not convey is that wonderful last chapter. The reader remembers it, of course. Tom, down from Oxford for the vacation, or holidays, or whatever the recess is called, is fishing in Skye with two other undergraduates. One of them takes up the newspaper and reads how Kent is beating an All-England eleven, and how at Goodwood the Butterfly colt has gone amiss. The next item of news is that Arnold of Rugby is dead, and Tom's heart stands still. The reader remembers how Tom packs up and goes to Rugby as fast as boat and train can carry him, and kneels by the doctor's grave. There follows this passage: "He raised himself up and looked round; and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat

down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how when a little boy he used to try not to look through it at the elm-trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came—and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the very name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak panelling." This gives the real quality of this masterpiece, and it is a quality which neither Mr. Robert Stevenson nor any other director can photograph.

The idiotically-named film at the Warner, *The Magic Bullet*, turns out to be the story of the discovery of the drug salvarsan. This combines an excellent documentary film—the therapeutic side is superbly done—with a life-story which is comparable in interest with Pasteur's. Mr. Edward Robinson gives a truly excellent performance as Dr. Ehrlich, excellent because he has done much more than stick on a beard. He transmogrifies himself into one kind of good German, just as in the sketch of Professor Koch Mr. Albert Basserman represents the very best type of the pre-Nazi man of science. In fact, the latter actor is only prevented from running away with the film by the fact that we see barely ten minutes of him. But those ten minutes are enough.



"Tom Brown's Schooldays"

Many readers of Thomas Hughes' classic novel, "Tom Brown's Schooldays," will want to see the version adapted for the screen by Walter Ferris and Frank Cavett, directed by Robert Stevenson, now showing at the New Gallery Cinema, Regent Street. Jimmy Lydon (on left), who comes from New Jersey, gives a successful performance of Tom Brown and manages the English language well, and Freddie Bartholomew (on right) takes the part of East, Tom's great friend and room-mate

American faces, the film never touches us, as *Mr. Chips* did, with the stabbing nostalgia of our own childhood." Which prompts me to ask whether the writer was at Rugby! However, my concern is not with my charming colleague's schooldays, but with Tom Brown's. I sat for a long time wondering when the cloven hoof of over-Americanisation would show itself. But nothing appeared. There was a superb portrait of Dr. Arnold by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who got beneath the man's very skin. Master Freddie Bartholomew's East was perky rather than sturdy. But it could pass. And since Rugby was a little more like the real place and a little less like the expected papier mâché substitute one expected to see, the film up to half-time did very well.



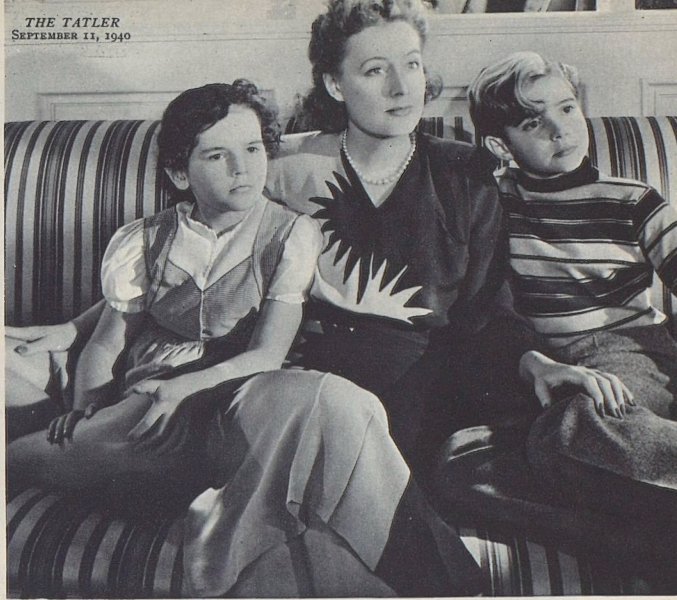
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE AS DR. ARNOLD

The famous Rugby headmaster, Dr. Arnold, played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, is the high light in the film of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*; and his voice and dignity dominate the picture. Sir Cedric is one of the British stars in Hollywood who are giving their services to appear in a film called *The Rafter's Ring*, by Robert Stevenson, in aid of British and American War Charities



CARY GRANT, WHO DISCOVERS THAT GAIL PATRICK IS NOT HIS "FAVORITE WIFE"

This story of the unfortunate gentleman who, believing that his first wife (Irene Dunne; see opposite picture) is lost, marries a second one, opened at the Gaumont Theatre on the 8th



THE WINNER IN "MY FAVORITE WIFE"

Irene Dunne as Ellen, the wife who gets mislaid on a desert isle and then comes back to find that her husband has married another lady. Mary Lou Harrington and Scotty Beckett play Ellen's two children. The second marriage is, of course, annulled, and all dries out straight in the end, to everyone's joy and satisfaction

FILMS OF THE MOMENT NOW ON IN LONDON



DICK POWELL AND GLORIA DICKSON IN "I WANT A DIVORCE,"
AT THE PLAZA

The opening date was the 6th and the film is an indictment of the quick divorce habit in America, and is claimed to be the first real attack on this thing that has ever been made. Dick Powell plays the part of a "flash" divorce lawyer and Gloria Dickson that of the lady he marries. Their own marriage nearly comes to grief—but not quite, and this entirely recasts their ideas



ROBERT MONTGOMERY AND CONSTANCE CUMMINGS IN
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON"

This film, depicting another of Lord Peter Wimsey's adventures, also opened on the 6th and is at the Empire. Constance Cummings plays the wife of Miss Dorothy Sayers' famous detective. An outstanding event in this film is Sir Seymour Hicks in the first butler's part he has ever played, and, incidentally, he has three hundredweight of soot dropped on him!

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

War Activity

LORD BESSBOROUGH'S house in Eaton Square has been emptied of furniture, and is now devoted to the upkeep of French refugees. I had the good luck to go in with a friend,



CAPTAIN AND MRS. VAN HAEFTEN

Miss Barbara Porter-Phillips, younger daughter of Mr. John Porter-Phillips, the well-known doctor, and Mrs. Porter-Phillips, of Cavendish Square, leaving Chelsea Old Church after her marriage on August 30 to Captain John Francis Henry Van Haeften, only son of Jonkheer Frans Van Haeften, and Mabel Lady Ley

and was very interested to see all that is going on.

The work was started before the fall of France, and of course quickly increased in importance with the volume of the homeless. Now every room of this big house is being used, stacked with parcels, piles of clothing, blankets, shoes; while sewing, writing and interviewing go on. Second-hand clothes (anyone's old ones are useful) are collected, cleaned, mended, and arranged in their different categories. Layettes are assembled for the very new additions, and there is a big demand for pants for the boys, all of whom seem to arrive without them, so there is a brisk cutting-out and making-up service. Lunches are served for fourpence-halfpenny each, which is going up to sixpence to help provide more shoes.

Lady Peel is running it all; very gentle and charming, which so few women manage to combine with being efficient. The house, built for chandeliers and parties, has taken kindly to its new sort of usefulness. It has a pleasant faint inconsequence of design and lay-out: probably because Lord Bessborough had the staircase removed from one part of it to another, so that you come upon things from a "Through the Looking-glass" angle.

Reception

LADY PEEL acted as hostess at a very successful reception given at Prince's Gate last week. The sirens have become a gong summoning people to their parties, and many of us were scurrying to this one when they went that night.

General de Gaulle's officers were being entertained, and there were lots of people to meet them—Lord and Lady Ashley (he in a nice line in dark blue uniforms—I suppose one must not "reveal" of what regiment); Lord Methuen, whose wife was to have shared the duties of hostess with Lady Peel, had she not been ill—her place was taken at the last minute by Lady Lucas; Lady Reading, and her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Rufus Isaacs, Mrs. Ralph Lambton, very well known in Paris, Comtesse de Gallier, another Paris celebrity, Mr. Arthur Crichton, Mr. Bernard Rickatson-Hatt, Miss Inez Holden, the writer, Mrs. Palmer (Eva Sawyer, the pastel artist), Lady Waleran, and many others. It was all very gay, and in evening dress too, which was a comfort, women anyway feeling much gayer like that. I liked Mrs. James Durran's the best—it looked like black oilcloth, only, of course, it was quite soft, and it seemed to be entirely held together by two life-size gold sea-horses, front and back. She and her husband, with Lord and Lady Methuen, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hambro (she is very good at party-making), and Colonel Ivan Davson were chiefly responsible for it all.

A talented French officer played the piano cheerfully, and later on there was dancing. Altogether a welcome break from current preoccupations and the hard work most people are doing now.



AUGUSTUS JOHN'S DAUGHTER WEDS

Second-Lieutenant Villiers à Court Bergne, R.A.S.C., was married at the South Kensington Registrar's Office on September 2 to Mrs. "Poppet" Jackson, elder daughter of Mr. Augustus John, the famous artist, whose drawings are to be shown in an Exhibition of Contemporary Art at the National Gallery this month. Over a hundred of these, including one lent by the Queen, will be seen in a room of their own

By BRIDGET CHETWYND

Who's About

LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON left her baby in the country for some work as Prunella Stack. She was looking very well, and was with her friend, Miss Susan Fass, daughter of Sir Ernest Fass,



MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY WATERLOW

Miss Barbara Winifred Davy, elder daughter of Mr. Ronald Davy and the late Mrs. Davy, of Little Brocklesby House, Limber Magna, Habrough, Lines., was married at Chelsea Old Church on August 31 to Mr. Anthony Edgar Russell Waterlow, son of Sir Edgar and Lady Waterlow, of Wymondley House, near Hitchin

the Public Trustee and now working at the Air Ministry. Lord David should be keeping fit, as he bicycles seventeen miles each way every day to his Air base.

Mr. Charles Birkin pounced on a taxi in Piccadilly on the first note of an all-clear. He has just married Miss Janet Johnson, and lives in Portman Square. Kathleen Lady Domville hovered on an island at the top of Sloane Street, intently pursuing her ends, but temporarily checked by the traffic.

I am attempting to write this in Hyde Park, where nine fascinating aeroplanes about the size of full-stops can be seen miles overhead, and somewhere far away there is a noise between the steam-engine that accompanies roundabouts at fairs and one of those dear pigs you blow up and then allow to expire with a heartrending little wail. Can it be screaming-bombs? If so, they suggest a festive occasion on Hampstead Heath more than anything else—from this distance, anyway. Foreigners despairingly ask one another the time, and people row placidly on the Serpentine.

To return to Who Is About—I am told that Sir Samuel and Lady Joseph were dining out with a party lately, also Lord Plender, and, on

(Continued on page 350)



TRAINING CELEBS. IN THE MEMBERS' STAND
Sir Hugh Nugent, the well-known Windsor House, Lambourne, trainer, Lady Nugent and Mrs. Blake, wife of an equally well-known Irish trainer, Colonel Arthur Blake



SOME MORE WELL-KNOWN IN THE PADDOCK

The Hon. Gerald Wellesley, the Kildare trainer, a half-brother of Lord Cowley, "Dick" Dawson, of Whatcombe, a sufficient description the world over, and Mrs. Luke Lillingston, formerly Lady Harrington, who is now living at Mount Coote, which they have bought from Lord Daresbury

LEPPIN' AND OTHERWISE AT LEOPARDSTOWN



JUDGE GLEESON AND HIS WIFE LOOKING
AT THE RUNNERS



MISS ANN MITCHELL AND MRS. MICHAEL
BEARY



FOOTE, DUBLIN
MR. HARRY BEASLEY, OF THE FAMOUS
FAMILY, AND CHARMING WIFE

They go over the top at all times of the year in Ireland and mix the jumping with the flat at many of their meetings. The principal plat at this recent meeting at that pleasant spot, Leopardstown, so convenient to Dublin, was the Foxrock 'Chase, which Mr. H. C. McNally's nice horse, "Do It Again," won exactly as he liked. Many celebrities from both sides of the Irish Sea were on the premises, as the names well convey to "them as knows." The judiciary, always ready for a bit of sport, racing or hunting, was well represented by Judge Gleeson, and in the next door but one picture to him is young Harry Beasley, son of a famous father whose name he bears, the



gallant pilot of "Come Away" in the Grand National of 1891. Mickey Beary's charming wife is with the young daughter of Major Mitchell, formerly Master of the Kildare, now busy soldiering again. At Mount Coote, in Co. Limerick, which Mr. and Mrs. Luke Lillingston have bought from Lord Daresbury, they intend to breed bloodstock when this abominable war is over. Mr. Luke Lillingston, famous ex-Joint Master of the Meath and later of the Harrington Hounds, is at the moment, like so many more, pre-occupied with matters concerning The Hogs

(ON LEFT) MR. J. H. KELLY (CANADIAN
HIGH COMMISSIONER) AND HIS WIFE

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT—continued

different occasions, Lady Yule, Major Lionel Montagu, Lord and Lady Beauchamp, and Lord Moyne.

Clubs

At this time of year clubs are dealt like poker hands, and members shuffled from doorstep to doorstep in search of food. Whether the reason is re-decoration, or an irresistible syncope that sets in in August from sheer tradition, the result is that the member species, accustomed to slink at will into some habitual hide-out, becomes a sort of Flying Dutchman, chasing his *hors d'œuvres* from St. James's to Hanover Square, missing them on the way back towards Westminster, and having his soup become cold or "off" as he crosses the road, turns left and right, and half-way down on the opposite side—in search of the hospitality elusively banded between those establishments that remain open.

The R.A.C. ("The Chauffeurs' Arms" to initiates) seems to be more or less Liberty Hall. Foiled Junior Carltonians, baffled Conservatives, converge upon it and file in to wait their turn, as at breakfast-time at the Regent Palace (to those who will admit to having been there).

Taking part in one of these cross-London marathons with hungry friends, we fetched up at the Oriental. Vaguely expecting to discover Aubrey Smith eating curry in a dinner-jacket while insurgent natives plotted on the other side of the arras, we penetrated to the vast room which accepts women. The men-only room was glimpsed, but being the Pariah sex we were alone in our compound. We proceeded to have the best dinner met in London for a long time. Simply excellent, and the most wonderful claret. A darling old big room, too, presided over by a matching Major Domo in medal ribbons who has been there for twenty-one years. The house was not built as a club, and the ladies' dining-room had been the music-room. The walls are plastered with huge gilt picture-frames, some of the occupants of which have baled out—Lord Metcalfe, for one, beneath whose empty frame we sat. Opposite, a highly varnished Lord Lane balefully remains to face War over London.

"Not originals" we were told, in explanation of these invidious remainings. We left Lord Lane and his unoriginal companions sneering at the deserted frames, and returned to the rigours of another Air Raid night.

Being a fanatical addict of sleep, I believe I could bury my head, like an ostrich, in a bucket of sand designed for incendiary bombs and have a good night. People will have to learn such tricks, or lose their looks, which would only be Pleasing Hitler—a beastly thing to do.

Somerset Occasions

It is rumoured that the Sparkford Vale Harriers are to hunt one day a week as soon as the harvest is in, and the Blackmore Vale, under the newly-formed

joint-Mastership of Miss Guest and Col. Wingfield-Digby, have already started cub-hunting, and will meet at least twice a week through the season. One doubts if anything short of a "direct hit" on the kennels could deter them.

Hazelgrove House, scene of so many lawn meets, is being turned into a convalescent home for soldiers. The local Womens' Institute are hard at work

helping to get it ready for the first arrivals, and its châtelaine, Mrs. Ellis Nuttall, has already moved out into one of her own cottages in the park. June Tatton, her attractive nineteen-year-old daughter by her first marriage, has just become engaged to Mr. Maude.

Part of a famous regiment has been stationed at a country town in the neighbourhood, and is creating a stir among the girls. At a small dance held lately in aid of the Red Cross, the Officers' Mess turned up in full force and particularly good form.

Towards the end of the evening a fascinating Captain did a lively *pas seul* in the middle of the ballroom. This involved taking off his tunic, and it was then seen that his exertions had split his shirt from collar to waist. Not put out, he removed it bodily, and, to deafening applause, ripped it up and distributed a piece to every woman member of his admiring audience, as a souvenir of an amusing evening.

Good story about a Somerset young man (this paragraph seems to be practically a masked ball, everyone is so incognito—still, there it is) now in the Anti-Aircraft on the South Coast. The other day they were being inspected by two generals. Suddenly a curious spiral of smoke appeared in the sky and everyone wondered what it could be, and craned their necks, staring. The young man in question, who was bored with the inspection, and standing at attention, said loudly, "It's obviously a German parachutist who's come down smoking a large cigar."

"Prompt collapse" of the two generals, as they used to say in *Punch*.

The Soldier

LONDON is full of soldiers, including lots of Colonial ones on leave. Their opinions of this country are amusing. Very cold—even the summer. Those who were here last winter get a haunted look in their eyes at the memory. Our open fires quite inadequate to combat the cold, and the number of chimneys on every building considered very strange.

The Australians act tough on principle, but have wonderfully soft hearts and charming manners. Always ready to hand out souvenirs—it seems that at Cape Town, on the way over, when they finally (a pretty extended finally) returned to the boat, few of them had even a button left.

Lately I have spent some enjoyable time inside Chelsea Barracks, where, on Sunday afternoons, the Guards eke out P.T. with football on the Barrack Square. The stages of the recruits are very gradual, the first few days being spent in "civvies," whose occupants look hang-dog. Then there is battle-dress, but with an extraordinary stockinette contraption on the head, almost Schiaparelli. So it goes on, with little touches of uniform and equipment added day by day, like lumps of sugar awarded to animals for performing. And very like fit and orderly trained animals the brave boys appear to be, glossy, muscular, and *en masse*. Steaming wads of food are consumed in the canteen, to which friends and relations are admitted.



A CHRISTENING IN THE FAMILY OF PETO

Captain and Mrs. John Peto's third daughter was given the name of Sarah when she was christened at Tilford Church, Surrey. Captain Peto is Sir Basil Peto's youngest son and is in a heavy Dragoon regiment. Left to right in the picture are Captain John Peto, Lady Nora Wingfield, a god-parent, Sir Basil Peto, Mrs. Peto, and Mrs. Riverdale Grenfell; (in front) the nurse and the new arrival, and Virginia and Joanna, Captain and Mrs. Peto's other little daughters



A NOTABLE CHRISTENING IN WALES

Captain and Mrs. Gray Cheape and their little daughter, Margaret Carsina, after her christening at St. Mary's, Builth Wells. Captain Cheape is a son of Brigadier-General Ronald Cheape and a nephew of that famous polo player, the late Captain Leslie Cheape, whom, incidentally, he strongly resembles



THREE IS COMPANY

Lady Elizabeth Isaacs, Lord and Lady Reading's younger daughter, her good-looking brother, Lord Erleigh, and Miss Margot Duke filled a table for three at the Café de Paris, obviously to everyone's mutual satisfaction

AIR RAIDS NOTWITHSTANDING LONDON NIGHT LIFE



ANOTHER THREESOME

Also at the Café de Paris, and telling off from the left, Mrs. Kaye, Mr. Esmond, who is in a rifle regiment, and Lady Grenfell, who is the only daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Alfred Thomas Shaughnessy, and of, the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh



MRS. NIGEL WEYMOUTH AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. E. H. McBEATH, D.S.O.

A distinctly naval flavour about this party of two, for Mrs. Weymouth is the wife of Lieut.-Commander Weymouth, a daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Lambert and a 3rd Officer in the W.R.N.S. Lieut.-Commander McBeath got his D.S.O. for gallantry in recent coastal operations, the location of which can be readily left to the imagination. The ship was H.M.S. "Orpheus"



GABRIELLE BRUNE SINGS "LET ME SING"

This was at the Café de Paris, but the vivacious lady is equally well known at the May Fair and elsewhere

(ON LEFT) CAPTAIN AND MRS. P. LLOYD

Who were dining à deux at the Café de Paris. Mrs. Lloyd was formerly Miss Anne Bromley and is a daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Bromley

Photos.: Swanee

THE TATLER
AT
THE THEATRE

"APPLE SAUCE!" AT THE HOLBORN EMPIRE

By ANTHONY COOKMAN

OLD-TIMERS maintain that the music-hall is dead. It rather spoils their case that the Holborn Empire should refuse to lie down. For there, week after week through a normal year, you may find an atmosphere which, if it is not authentic music-hall, tallies pretty well with the description a young writer gave some fifty years ago of Gatti's music-hall under Charing Cross Arches. For such external changes as there have been the Holborn Empire is not responsible. Fourpence, which included a pint of beer or porter, was the price of admission to Gatti's. Prices at the Holborn Empire, though modest, do not include even a half-pint of mild.

It was not the beer which drew the young writer to Gatti's. It was "the smoke, the roar and the good fellowship of relaxed humanity" which "set" the scheme in his mind for a certain song—the first of the verses called "Barrack Room Ballads." Budding Kiplings may still find in Holborn the same kind of inspiration. At all events, they will find humanity relaxed in the same kind of way by the same kind of entertainment, and even if they get no inspiration they can hardly fail to recognise that their entertainers are really trying to do what young Marie Lloyd and young Dan Leno and a motley crowd of forgotten tumblers, tricksters and ecstasies tried to do at Gatti's all those years ago.

Now and then—merely to deepen the gloom of the old-timers—the



"ON GUARD"

JACK STANFORD, JEAN CARR, MAX MILLER, WALLY BEADLE

Holborn Empire pretends to break the tradition by putting on what is called a revue. The only result is, of course, that it becomes more of a music-hall than ever. The ruling genius of the place takes charge, cocks a snook at the revue title, cuts the revue into recognisable turns and sees to it that at the appropriate moment the revue scenery shall be banished and give place to a familiar backcloth against which the comedian feels that he can really be himself. So it is with *Apple Sauce!* Here are crooners and dancers, voice impersonators and "almost straight" singers, and the one and only Max Miller. They hardly pretend to be a revue, leaving that sort of thing to the romantic scenery and the "Saucelets," a good-looking chorus even more romantic than the scenery. And they are, in their total effort, a great deal more entertaining than the average revue, which, because it uses the same talent over and over again, tends inevitably to cover and re-cover the same ground.

There is no one else in the programme who remotely resembles Mr. Jack Stanford, the dancer whose every grotesque movement is a perfectly expressed joke. His imaginary partners are as well defined and much more fun than Miss Ruth Draper's much celebrated company. Afrique, again, is unlike anybody else, and where, except in the music-hall, can you match a courage which impersonates such great vocalists as Caruso and the Prime Minister. The imitations are, within limits, remarkably good, but he uses a microphone, and I wish somebody

would persuade him—and, indeed, most others who come at us through this infernal machine—to forget that it has been invented.

None of the great ones on the music-hall, not even the faintly grumbling George Formby, have had any difficulty in making a whisper heard in the highest gallery. For a vocal impersonator to let himself be trapped by its soulless uniformity is surely a *reductio ad absurdum*. Miss Vera Lynn uses it, perhaps excusably. As "Radio's sweet singer of sweet songs" she may consider it part of her make-up.

The show is weakest where it is most like a faintly grumbling George Formby, have had any difficulty in making a whisper heard in the highest gallery. For a vocal impersonator to let himself be trapped by its soulless uniformity is surely a *reductio ad absurdum*. Miss Vera Lynn uses it, perhaps excusably. As "Radio's sweet singer of sweet songs" she may consider it part of her make-up.

Miss Doris Hare's burlesque of Mistinguett seems to get lost amid the more or less authentic scenery of the Folies Bergère, and her equally workmanlike skit upon the passionate Oriental princesses of stage tradition is overlaid by a ponderous sketch only too characteristic of revue. It takes a Max Miller to poke an impudent, bowdlerish head through sketches of the kind, and this he always succeeds in doing, whether he is a Home Guard dealing with a lovely woman spy, or a man-about-town showing a lady stranded on the Embankment the way to go. Max Miller's humour is what our fathers used somewhat coyly to call cayenne, and considering its consistency it is remarkable that he gets away with it. But get away with it he does, and no one minds.



AFRIQUE



DORIS HARE



DURING THE AIR RAID ON THE OPENING NIGHT

Our artist has depicted a scene of how the audience were entertained until the "All Clear" was sounded. Tommy Trinder turned up and entertained the delayed audience



Houston Rogers

“VERY PLAUSIBLE!”

GORDON HARKER, EX-CRACKSMAN
PUBLICAN IN “ONCE A CROOK—”

Evadne Price and her Gunner husband, Ken Attiwill, have written a very good melodramatic comedy, *Once a Crook*—, which looks like having a long run at the Aldwych Theatre. The crook with a heart of gold is always an appealing subject, and when portrayed by Gordon Harker with his usual skill and perfect ease it is great entertainment. He takes the part of Charlie Hopkins, a former master burglar and cracksmen, but now a respectable publican, bringing up his son, Bill (Patrick Parsons), to follow the strait and narrow path, in ignorance (Hopkins fondly hopes) of his father's past chequered career. However, heredity will out—and thereby hangs the story of the play. Richard Bird gives a wonderful performance as the drunken but sanctimonious ex-pickpocket potman at the “Dog and Duck”



MISS. PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD IN HER WORKMAN'S OUTFIT BUSY WITH PAINT-POT AND BRUSHES, GIVING HER BEDROOM WINDOW A NEW COATING



IN THE PART OF ISLA CRANE IN

A NEW EDGAR W PENELOPE I

ACTRESS,
AND

Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, de Casa Maury, was born after an interesting and knowledge of the language of one of the most popular only sixteen years old son of a German play for G. engaged by him to appear of *Victoria Regina*. The company gave her a thorough and she seems equally at Dudley Ward plays the Edgar Wallace play, *The* (produced for the stage in the lead, at Wyndham New Gallery Cinema. Pelissier, son of Miss Harry Pelissier,



(ON LEFT) THE SCOTT
SYRINGING

(ON RIGHT) AT HER
CORRE



THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY"

ALLACE HEROINE

UDLEY WARD

FILM STAR

NGUIST

daughter of the Marchesa on August 14, 1914, and cosmopolitan education in , where she gained perfect , she came home and was debutantes of 1932. When made a speedy translation t Miller. In 1937 she was in the London production Liverpool Repertory Com- schooling in stage work, me on the screen. Penelope t of Isla in the film of the ase of the Frightened Lady 1931 with Joyce Kennedy 's Theatre), now at the husband is Mr. Anthony y Compton and the late "Follies" fame

WATCHES HIS MISTRESS
THE FLOWERS

SK, DEALING WITH HER
ONDENCE



A KEEN NEEDLEWOMAN, BUSY ON A PATCHWORK QUILT OF HER OWN DESIGN, SHE MAKES CLOTHES AND CUSHION COVERS AS WELL AS WOOLLEN COMFORTS FOR THE TROOPS





MAJOR AND MRS. GEORGE BRYANT'S BEAUTIFUL HOUSE,
TAKEN FROM THE GARDEN SIDE



GOLDICOTE'S OWNERS AND CHIEF DOG TO THE ESTABLISHMENT

COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 16: -

GOLDICOTE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON



BRINGING DOWN SOME SUPPLIES: MRS. WHEELER
(STUD GROOM'S WIFE) AND JOHN COLLET



HARD AT IT DIGGING FOR VICTORY IN THE WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN



(ON LEFT) MRS. STOPP (A GARDENER'S WIFE) AND MISS HARRISON (HEAD HOUSEMAID) STORING SUPPLIES

Since this war started Mrs. George Bryant can make the proud boast of having sent in over 15,000 garments and dressings from historic old Goldicote, now a dépôt for the South Warwickshire Hospital Supplies. This achievement is all the more remarkable because the area consists almost entirely of small village working-parties. All the work of ironing, packing and despatch is done by Major and Mrs. Bryant's employees on the estate, under Mrs. Bryant's personal supervision. Goldicote dates back to the times of Abbot Goldicote, when it was an attachment to Pershore Abbey. Major Bryant, O.B.E., M.C., is second in command the Home Guard in South Warwickshire, and all the men on the estate are serving in that admirable and efficient force

AT HOME
NEAR
WINDSOR :
LADY FIONA
FULLER
AND HER TWO
CHILDREN



LADY FIONA FULLER, JOHN, ANTHONY, AND WATCHFUL DOGS

These most attractive and equally successful pictures were taken at Leonards Vale, Windsor, a spot very adjacent and convenient to Windsor, where the Household Cavalry regiments are wont to lie turn and turn about. Sir Gerard Fuller is in the Life Guards, and in peacetime the foundation-stone of the regimental polo team. Anthony Gerard Fleetwood, who seems to be a rival of those star performers, the Seven Sleepers, was christened at Holy Trinity, Windsor, on July 6, and one of his godparents was Lord Roderic Pratt, No. 1 in the Life Guards polo side. Lady Fiona's brother, and both of them offspring of the Marquess and Marchioness of Camden

(ON RIGHT) JOHN AND ANTHONY
FULLER, AND TWO PALS

Photos. : Miss Compton Collier



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Simple Pleasures

THE worst of day-dreams is that, as a rule, they include no snags. Reality, on the other hand, is full of snags, even the happiest form of it, and they are at one and the same time its ultimate victory and its disillusion. Dreaming, however, rarely faces up to reality. Everything falls into its right place like a jig-saw puzzle, and this is at once its comfort and its danger. If only we might keep dreams and realities apart, life would be far less agitated. We should then be prepared for the worst and be well within the neighbourhood of some seventh heaven if it didn't happen. As it is, however, we mostly start in that heaven and go bumping down until where we land seems to have no connection with where we started. It is all very tearful and perplexing, but mostly it is good for us—like so many unpleasant surprises. It is, I suppose, much wiser to build than to soar, but not nearly so transcendental. And very few people like to do it, especially when our emotions come into the picture. The fault of most young writers, for instance, is to describe things they have never experienced and to write of scenes and people which they have never set eyes on and whom they have never met. I suppose it is the snag of all beginnings, especially creative beginnings.

Simplicity, to the unsophisticated, looks so dull. And yet, simplicity, which is often only another name for naturalness, is one of the most difficult things to achieve, either in ways of life or in ways of thought. Most of us are snobs at heart and the smallest feeling of superiority goes right to the head, even when common sense may drag it down again later on. Nearly everyone will do almost anything to achieve the triumph of being different; not realising that "difference" is something innate and is usually as un-self-conscious as Nature herself. So always my advice to young writers is to play for safety and merely try to see the usual from an individual angle—since individuality, especially in a novel, is the only thing which raises plot into something more than a mere story. For instance, Miss Monica Dickens, in her first novel, "Mariana" (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), has played admirably for safety. After the success of her first book, "One Pair of Hands," which told of her experiences as a servant, she might easily have tried to make a great impression in another field of experience. But she has avoided the danger, and the result is a very pleasant story about very human, pleasant people; a story which raises no problems, dispels no doubts, but leaves a jolly little memory behind it. It is, in reality, a looking-back story. We meet Mary first of all

as she sits alone in her Essex cottage, wondering if there might be any news of her husband awaiting her at her London flat, and idly listening to the wireless to pass the time. In her anxiety she wanted to be alone. "Mary sometimes heard people say: 'I can't bear to be alone.' She could never understand this. All her life she had needed the benison of occasional solitude, and she needed it now more than ever. If she could not be with the man she loved, then she would rather be by herself."

Not unexpectedly there comes through the radio the tragic news that the destroyer, in which her husband served, had been sunk that morning. There were a number of survivors, but three out of the seven

more or less lastingly in love, marry and meet the grimmer realities of life according to their temperament and their inner courage. In some respects it is quite a commonplace story, but it is told so engagingly that you quickly become really interested in what, in these really grim days, look like some of life's more charming trivialities. In any case, in spite of its theme of youth emerging from inexperience to experience, always puzzling, sometimes bitter, it is a "restful" novel. It is nice to read of a jolly family circle doing the things, being disillusioned, running into danger, but finding happiness in big chunks, which was our own experience when young. If you don't expect too much, you will certainly enjoy this novel.

An Astonishing Record

READING such a thrilling, interesting book as Sir Paul Dukes' "An Epic of the Gestapo" (Cassell; 10s. 6d.), one wonders all the time if one is living in a world of ghastly make-believe, or in the reality of plain sense. Most people, however, have asked themselves this question within the last twenty-five years and almost invariably the answer is that this world is a world of fools gone mad. With nearly everything to make life lovely and comfortable and friendly, Man has made of his life an ugly, miserable and hateful thing. How has it all come about? And why? Is it inevitable, Man being the half-monkey that he is? Or is it a kind of human growing-pain, the hideous flower of a nasty juvenescence, from which one day years hence he will become adult? Nobody can say. But the outlook appears ominous. Sir Paul Dukes' book is a kind of companion-volume to his previous work as a secret agent in Soviet Russia. Taken together, the two books prove one thing—the horrid likeness between the Russian Secret Service and the revolting German Gestapo. In the present book the facts are that he was asked to investigate in secret the mysterious disappearance of a famous Czech industrialist, his real name disguised for the sake of convenience as Alfred Obry.

Obry had attempted to escape from Prague to Switzerland after the Nazi occupation last year. He had attracted the covetous attention of the Nazis because of his wealth and of his large export transactions with Britain. Definitely it was known that he had left Prague with false papers in April, but for the rest his whereabouts were unknown. The only evidence in the beginning was the somewhat doubtful information proffered by a mysterious Czech lady in Paris. She had travelled, so she said, with Obry by train from Prague to the German frontier, where he had been detained by the Gestapo in the Sudeten town of Mies. Nevertheless, a telegram

(Continued on page 360)



MRS. COWAN DOBSON

The above is a reproduction of the most recent portrait of the very beautiful wife of the celebrated portrait-painter. Mrs. Cowan Dobson has always been her husband's favourite model, and in this he shows a fine discretion. The picture is not only an admirable painting, but a particularly good portrait. The artist is a member of the Home Guard, but in spite of this manages to wield his brush as well as handle his rifle

officers had lost their lives. Whereupon the story switches back to Mary's childhood, leading up eventually to her marriage. It is quite a delightful picture of upper-middle-class life in London and the country, and of a group of young people who are a pleasure to meet—in their school-days, when they are almost grown-up, again when they are old enough to fall

WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 4



SOMEBODY PRESSED THE LIFT BUTTON—BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY BEUTTLE

The scene, the flying-deck of an aircraft-carrier; the moment, the arrival of the Vice-Admiral on inspection; the incident, the disappearance of the R.M. Band inopportunely drawn up on one of the lifts by which aircraft are hoisted from and lowered into the hangars in the ship's innards. Someone has unfortunately pressed the button which sets the works going, and the Admiral is only just saved from joining the musicians by his Flag-Lieutenant and the Captain of the ship. That fine body his Majesty's Jollies are, as ever, quite unperturbed

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

received by his friends in London suggested that he had assumed the name of Friedrich Schweigler, a tailor. Otherwise his movements were obscure. Some of his friends believed that he was living somewhere in hiding; others that he was already in a concentration camp. Sir Paul began his investigations by procuring a permit to enter the Protectorate. He himself confesses that he probably procured this permit by the fact that in those days his denunciation of the Bolshevik régime was held in high favour by the leading Nazis. Indeed, at that time his book on Soviet Russia was about to be published in Berlin. He was even allowed to visit Prague, where the mystery seemed to deepen, although some kind of evidence was forthcoming that Oby had already reached Switzerland. Henceforth Sir Paul's search reads more like some imaginative fiction than reality told at first hand.

Culminating point was reached when it was announced in a newspaper that the mutilated corpse of a certain Friedrich Schweigler had been discovered on the railway line near the German frontier. Was the corpse that of Oby? Was the whole thing a "blind"? Were the Gestapo in as much uncertainty as Sir Paul himself? At last Sir Paul took the desperate step of accusing the Gestapo of actually murdering Oby for their own venal ends. The outcome of which was that Schweigler's body was exhumed and evidence pointed to the fact that the dead man was Oby, killed, very probably, by an accident. And all this is a part of modern history, not expert fiction. One wonders how any sane nation could endure such secret, such venomous and such relentless underhand dealings with its mind and its affairs. The picture the book paints of the Gestapo leaders, their ambitions and their methods is at once uncomfortably impressive in its cleverness and its meanness. From the point of view of human dignity and human greatness it is crazy and hideous. As crazy as seems to be the German official mind. Yet underneath it all there is a lurking fear and distrust. Perhaps one day sanity will return. Or is it health? For the Gestapo is a kind of mental disease of which the symptoms can easily be recognised, as also can be the mental temperament of those who catch most easily the germ. As an account of what has happened in Germany and is still happening, this book is extraordinarily thrilling and, as you stand aside to consider its import, mentally revolting. It may be ugly history, but it is history all the same. A kind of anti-social history masquerading as socialism. The story is told without the least suspicion of

melodrama. It is the more dramatic as a consequence. Its truth makes it the more astonishing.



LORD SOUTHWOOD SIGNING THE £100,000 RED CROSS PENNY-A-WEEK FUND CHEQUE

A great achievement in one of the most modest coins of the Realm. Lord Southwood, who is Chairman of this Fund, handed the cheque to the acting Lord Mayor, Sir Maurice Jenks. The Lord Mayor himself, Sir William Coxen, is regrettably indisposed, but will soon, let us hope, be his own man again



Bassano

"TAFFRAIL'S" NEW BOOK

A new studio portrait of Captain Henry Taprell Dorling, R.N., D.S.O., the author of many delightful naval stories, written under the pseudonym of "Taffrail." His latest book, entitled "The Navy in Action," published by Hodder and Stoughton, describes how the British warships are defeating the Germans. Captain Dorling is now assisting Naval Affairs at the Ministry of Information

Propaganda Story

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR'S new novel, "World's End" (Werner Laurie; ros. 6d.), is frankly propaganda. Unfortunately, at the moment it is at once out-of-date and premature. Briefly, it is anti-

war. Again briefly, it is non-constructive. Which is a pity, for the white fury is undoubtedly there and, in a way, it sings all who read. Alas! there happens to be a war on at the moment, and so a fiery inquest on the causes of the last one seems rather like going over old ground again, and all of us know the outlay. For example, there are sinister revelations concerning the influence of armament manufacturers on war-mongering, and the petty squabbles of the Versailles peace-making are again shown up in their historical, horrid light. But all this would have been more moving if, at the same time, a clear way out of the senseless mess into which humanity has either driven itself, or been driven, had been outlined. But it isn't. So we are left at the end in a state of righteous indignation, with nothing, so to speak, to vent it upon except "ghosts." Lanny Budd, the hero, is a nice young American who was brought up in France. His father is an arms-maker on a big scale in Connecticut. His

mother, good and lovely, is more emotional than logical, but she means well in spite of her psychological mistakes.

Lanny visits England and Germany and makes close friends in both countries. At the same time, he sees Western Europe at its war-mongering worst without, this being propaganda, also seeing the influences of peace and well-being which were nevertheless active everywhere, without necessarily being crankily peaceful-at-any-price as well. All this takes place during the years 1914-18, and later on he contrives to get an obscure secretarial job at the Peace Conference, where he manages to see the statesmen who attended it in that "light" which makes the Versailles Treaty appear all wrong, until you examine its details. At the end he returns to America bitterly disillusioned, determined henceforward to make art his sole purpose in life. Which was obviously fortunate for him, since most of us have to stick to the routine and endure its consequences, whatever outside sources there may be to influence them for good or ill. It is a very long novel, but Mr. Sinclair, as usual, makes it interesting from beginning to end. It is a crowded scene, but even the minor characters manage to stand out vividly. But you must first of all accept the author's full purpose in writing his story before you will be stirred and convinced by all his weak, somewhat worn arguments.



LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH (ADÈLE ASTAIRE) DRIVING A TRACTOR AT HER IRISH HOME

GATHERING THE GOLDEN GRAIN IN SOUTHERN IRELAND

The Irish people are delighted that the American-born Lady Charles Cavendish, sister-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire, has elected to remain in her adopted country in spite of the threat of German invasion and air attack. She is working very hard indeed on the land helping to get the harvest in, and is seen in these pictures driving a tractor—no light or easy matter—and helping the men to stook the corn. Lady Charles Cavendish, who, before her marriage, was Adèle Astaire, sister and stage partner of Fred Astaire (and what an enchanting couple they were!), has also been busily employed organising a charity ball in aid of the Irish Red Cross, to be held at Lismore, Co. Waterford, the beautiful castle, dating from 1185, which was left to her husband, Lord Charles Cavendish, by his father, the late Duke of Devonshire

Photos. : Frank O'Brien



"MEL" WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES



IN A GUNNERS' MESS SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

A quiet moment in the lives of "the boys as makes the noise, the Royal Artillere" —and they still can make a lot of noise when required, in spite of the Air Force having stolen some of their thunder. The marvellously good shooting done recently by one section of the Royal Regiment, the "Archies," will have been noted by one and all and likewise and especially by the Sale Boche, who has every reason to regard the nice new weapons which are now in use with the utmost awe. There have been many cases when the guns have made the Goths go right about without dropping an egg.

Always ask for Schweppes
by name
There's nothing that is
'just the same'



AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

I Ses to 'Im, I Ses

IT begins to accumulate, the great saga of the citizenry under air raids: it is the best and brightest sign of the war.

What the Ministry of Information—or, for that matter, any official body—says one ought to do in an air raid is a totally different thing from what Mrs. Iggins, who lives at No. 5, actually does. And Mrs. Iggins is always one up on Whitehall, for she not only defeats the Boche by extinguishing the incendiary bomb, neutralising the high explosive, controlling the fire, decontaminating the kids, or whatever it may be, but she does it with some novel and comical twist. We all know, for instance, what we are supposed to do if a bomb falls near us and fails to explode; we know the routine of keeping clear and informing the officials of the exact time and place, and so on. Contrast what Aunt Emily (it was, indeed, some such name) actually did. She appeared at a Royal Air Force aerodrome (if the Royal Air Force do not know about bombs, who would?) with a perambulator, and in it a high-explosive bomb of about 25 kilogrammes. It had fallen in her garden.

Naturally, the story about how surprised they all were, and what the nice young man said to Aunt Emily, and what she said to him has gone the rounds. And so it is in many places in these islands and among many people. Usually it seems to be the women who contrive some narrow escape from mortal danger, in a manner at once novel and side-splittingly comic. They are left standing with some treasured piece of bric-à-brac when their home is shattered around them, only to make to the devoted

A.R.P. workers who rush to the rescue some unexpected and incredibly droll comment. Or they contrive the inevitable cup of tea at moments when, by all the rules, they ought to be lying in the cellar in a dead faint.

Work

It took the trouble to find out about that remarkable young woman who came to the microphone one day and told how, single-handed, she looked after aged relatives, cooked and kept house for them, and also acted as an A.R.P. warden in the most bombed and battered town in the British Isles. The story was not only exact, but, in full, it was even more remarkable. Most

sense of humour and their calm and realistic outlook on life.

"Alert"

I should like to see the term "air-raid warning" abandoned, and the term "alert"—as it was used in France—substituted. When the sirens go, it does not mean that we are warned that a raid is coming, for the Royal Air Force is up and in action, and the raiders may never get near their objective. We are merely told to be on the alert, because raiders are trying to get through. I think the difference is of some importance, because our attitude towards the war is unconsciously influenced by the words used about it. Air-raid warning suggests people being apprised of horrors to come, and sent rushing to cower in shelters. But what actually happens is that people prepare themselves to meet emergencies; they put themselves on the alert.

And while I am on this subject of nomenclature, I should like to put forward a plea for the abandonment by the Royal Air Force of the term "bomb-aimer." It seems to me that the term "bombardier" could well be revived, and could be substituted for bomb-aimer with advantage. But official Air Force terms have a good deal of clumsiness about them. I have never understood, for instance, why the term "aerobatics" was officially abandoned. It seems to me one of the neatest and most useful terms and one with full etymological authority behind it. "Acrobatics," which has been substituted, will always suggest someone in coloured tights swinging on a trapeze. But the Air Ministry seems somewhat deaf to those verbal overtones.



DAUGHTER OF AIRMAN (AFTER LISTENING TO A LOT OF TECHNICAL TALK):
"DADDY, DO ANGELS HAVE SLOTTED WINGS?"

extraordinary thing of all, she looks on this overwhelming mass of work and duty in a calm and casual manner and manages to appear extremely attractive herself at the same time!

Praise for the fortitude of such people is almost an impertinence. They have something in them that shines brightly and will never be extinguished. That Britain holds firm under the attacks of the German Air Force is in great measure due to Mrs. Iggins, of Number 5, to Aunt Emily and the rest of them, and to their inexhaustible



OFFICERS OF A ROYAL AIR FORCE TRAINING STATION

This group was taken at that now famous place "Somewhereinengland," a charming spot in spite of anything that Hitler's pet mongrel may try to say about it

The full tally of the names is (back row; l to r): Flt-Lieut. T. Calcott, P/O. E. H. Lawrence, 2nd Lieut. J. C. Williamson, P/O. H. M. Langley, F/O. F. R. Barnett, P/O. R. Rostron, P/O. R. W. Leaning, E/O. G. F. Holler, P/O. H. L. Nally; (second row) F/O. G. W. Northcombe, P/O. R. Hastings, P/O. R. W. V. Hancock, Flt-Lieut. N. E. Maitland, P/O. B. S. Phillips, P/O. W. E. Barnett, Flt-Lieut. W. S. May, R.N., F/O. N. D. Marshall, P/O. J. E. C. Slagg, Lieut. J. Medland, R.N., F/O. Killey; (third row; standing) F/O. J. S. Lancaster, P/O. C. Manning, Flt-Lieut. Flowerdew, Rev. —, Watson, A./S.O. Lee-Wilson, F/O. E. W. Mogg, Lieut. E. E. Berry, R.N., P/O. Lloyd, Flt-Lieut. Munro, Flt-Lieut. C. Wright, P/O. J. S. O. Orr, P/O. Reynolds, A./S.O. Frideaux, F/O. L. A. Smith, F/O. Ward, Flt-Lieut. Morgan; (sitting) Rev. Carew-Jones, 2nd Lieut. I. Forrest, Sq.-Ldr. E. Gribben, S/O. N. L. Warren, Sq.-Ldr. Bransby, Wing-Com. Greaves, Commander L. A. Symes, R.N., Group Captain F. Ferninough (O.C. Station), Wing-Com. Thackeray, Wing-Com. Thompson, Sq.-Ldrs. Conder, A. C. Dibben, H. I. Clapperton, Joyce-Clarke, and Grove

Stuart



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PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"



THE HOME GUARD DISPLAY AT HURLINGHAM

Colonel Hay, Officer Commanding these interesting operations at which the Home Guard showed the on-lookers everything from the Molotov cocktails, stick bombs, which stick and burn, upwards

LADY FITZWILLIAM, who is someone well entitled to speak, for she has a fine fox-hunting tradition behind her, has made the following suggestion for a Fox-hunters' "Spitfire," or preferably a whole pack of them, and I am sure that all hunting people will think with her and back her up. Here is Lady Fitzwilliam's letter:

"Why not a Hunt Spitfire, or if possible a Pack of Spitfires, to be known as The Fox-Hunters' Flying Pack? You may ask my qualifications for such a suggestion. My father was Master of his own hounds—the Zetland—for thirty-five years. My husband has been Master of Hounds for forty-five years without a break and it has been my luck to hunt from the day I could sit in a saddle. It has often been in my mind—more so recently—to make this appeal, which will surely interest the sportsmen and sportswomen of Great Britain, both those known and unknown to me. I shall be delighted to receive and acknowledge donations to the Fox-Hunters' Flying Pack. I cannot help feeling this will appeal to many."

All contributions can be sent to: The Countess Fitzwilliam, Wentworth Woodhouse, Rotherham, Yorkshire, and I feel sure that her ladyship will not have blown the horn in vain.

Hurlingham, already partly devoted to some purposes of war, is now to become a Home Guard training spot, and as it may be some time before any one will be using that beautiful spot again, it could not be put to a better purpose. *Hæc olim meminisse iuvabit!* This old saw, I am afraid, will apply to the game that so many love and which so few have played this season—polo. However, you never know, for polo is a hardy plant. It took a long time, nearly from A.D. 10 till the time when the 10th Hussars, and some few others, got keen on it and brought it westward to take root here, and it is well dug in. There were many polo enthusiasts round about A.D. 10—and even before, and one 'Firdausi' was one of them.

"Firdausi," who was the Persian Homer, has many lyrical references to polo, some of them very much in the high-flown language of which poets, especially Persian ones, are so fond. For instance, he likened the polo sticks of those times to the lovelocks of the gay troubadour or philanderer, and the polo ball to the heart of his probably fickle and difficult innamorata. "Firdausi" was the *nom de guerre* of the Poet Laureate to the Sultan Mahmoud. He really was Abdul or Abu'l Kasim Mansur. He flourished in the tenth century A.D. and his great work was the *Shah Namah*, a national epic, of which a translation into French is extant. He fell out with Sultan Mahmoud over the amount

In the Rubaiyat—temp: latter half of eleventh century—or in its lyrical rendering by Fitzgerald, there is a quatrain which undoubtedly refers to polo. It is No. L and the lines are these:

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes or Noe—
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd thee down into the Field
He knows about it all: He knows! He knows!

Some irreverent creatures have purposely corrupted the spelling of two words in this quotation, having possibly stopped a polo ball with their noses.

This is, I believe, one of the quatrains which the numerous critics of Fitzgerald (and Omar Khayyam) allow to be quite genuine. There are many lines in the Rubaiyat which have been said were never written by Omar Khayyam—some even go so far as to believe that the poet was a myth—but the weight of opinion is otherwise. It is undoubted that he did live and was thinking of polo when he wrote those lines. One of his playmates was Hasan Al Sabah, sometimes called Hassan Ben Sabah, Sheik Al Jebal, Public Assassin No. 1 and his name is said to give us our word "assassin." It is highly probable that, Hasan Al Sabah was a polo player. According to some quite modern authorities, we have had some of Hasan's direct descendants playing modern polo. It is not for me to say one way or the other whether this is true! The Old Man of the Mountains, skipper of the side that gave the Crusaders so much trouble, was an expert assassin and he and all his playmates were fond of all kinds of sport.



TO HORSE: AND TO HAILSHAM WITH HITLER

Mrs. J. H. Simonds on the winner, her own "Gretna Green" in the best Riding Horse Class and little Miss Neave Dixon on "Royal Blue," the runner up at this Handy Hunter and so forth show, held at Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Simonds' home, Newlands, Arborfield near Reading

of his promised reward for the great work, which, incidentally, took him thirty years to indite, and hence some of it is devoted to a bitter satire against his royal master, who, he said, had cheated him. "Firdausi," was undoubtedly a great polo enthusiast, though whether he was an actual performer I have been unable to trace. He was born at a place called Tus in Khorassan.

So far as I can make out the trouble between Shah Mahmoud, "that victorious Lord," referred to in Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat, and "Firdausi," happened because Mahmoud had promised him a camel which would go all bow-legged under the weight of gold that would be piled on to him. When pay day came, Mahmoud's vizier, or head cashier, thought he would like to make a bit, so instead of putting gold into the sacks he put silver, thinking "Firdausi" would not spot it. But the poet did, and from that moment Mahmoud's name was mud.



CELEBS AT HURLINGHAM

General Sir Hubert Gough, formerly 5th Army, now Officer Commanding "Gough's Own," and a commander in the Home Guard, with Colonel C. L. Kempton at that most interesting display at the G.H.Q. of polo the other day

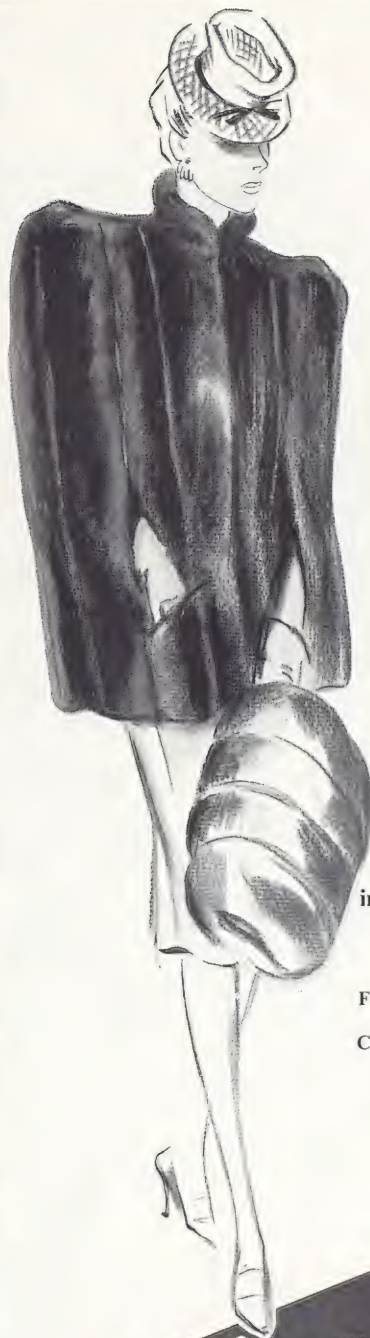


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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE absent-minded professor came home one night and found a beautiful girl sleeping in his bed. The professor immediately awakened the young lady.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "And what do you want in my room?"

The girl was puzzled.

"Don't you remember, John?" she explained. "I'm your wife. We were married two days ago."

"Married?" repeated the professor vaguely.

"That's right," smiled the girl. "After going around with me for two years, you finally decided to marry me."

The absent-minded professor switched on the lights and studied the girl's face.

"Hmmm," he mused. "Not bad looking at all!"

An elderly bridegroom, marrying his third wife, was called upon to sign the register.

The pen was a bad one, as they usually are on such occasions and after making several attempts to sign, he said to the clerk: "This is the third or fourth time you've played this trick. Next time I'll bring my fountain pen!"

The sergeant was taking particulars from a new recruit.

"Are you married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any children?"

"Yes, sir. Five girls and four boys."

"Nine altogether."

"No, sir. One at a time!"

In doubt on a point of law, the proprietor of a fried fish shop went to the local food office.

Wandering about in search of the right department, he came to a room where sat two women, neither very young nor very beautiful, typing letters.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, meekly, "are you Oils and Fats?"

"No!" snapped one of the women. "We're Dried Fruits!"

"Can I interest you in this vacuum flask, sir?" asked the persuasive salesman of the tired looking little man at the counter.

"When this flask is filled it will keep things hot for you indefinitely."

"No thanks," replied the little man, retreating hastily, "I married something like that."

"Father," asked the young hopeful, "what is a financial genius?"

"A financial genius, my son," answered his harassed father, "is a man who can earn money quicker than his family can spend it."

The dear old lady was having the time of her life, asking question after question.

"And so you're a mine-sweeper, are you?" she said. "And where do you sweep the mines?"

"Oh," replied the sailor, airily, "just round the top of 'em, where the dust settles."

This one from America.

Several drunks stood in court before a judge. His Honour frowned heavily upon them.

"This," he asserted, "is a serious accusation. You are all charged with picking up a friend who was walking along the street with you—and dropping him bodily into a dustbin, nearly breaking his neck."

"How do you plead—guilty or not guilty?"

One of them, who appeared to be the spokesman, stepped forward.

"Guilty, your Honour," he drooled, "with an explanashun."

"Very well," snapped the judge. "What can be the explanation for dropping a dear friend into a dustbin?"

The drunk shrugged.

"What else could we do?" he hiccupped.

"There wash five of us—and we only needed a quartet for 'Shweet Adeline.'"

"Tickets, please," said the inspector.

The night before had been one of Hitler's "nuisance" raids, tedious and long. A sleepy passenger opened one eye, looked up at the inspector, and closed it again.

"Where's your ticket?" asked the inspector, giving him a shake. "Haven't - you got one?"

The passenger yawned, opened the other eye, and shook his head.

"Then you'll have to pay," exclaimed the inspector. "Five-and-six, please. Here, I say, wake up Five-and-six."

The weary eyes opened again and enlightenment dawned in the passenger's face.

"Eleven," he answered, quietly, and went off to sleep.



Have you ever experienced that War Office feeling? When conducted to your appointment with the Deputy R.U.R. to the acting T.N.T.

Two men, neither of championship class, and whose knowledge of the rules of golf was no more accurate than their technical knowledge of the various shots, were standing on the first tee on the Mudtown course. The first fairway is bordered on the right by a row of oak trees.

One of the men tee'd his ball, and, taking a vicious swing, sliced to such an extent that the ball struck one of the trees fairly, and came bounding back across the tee, so that the player in question, without moving from his stance, caught the ball in his hand as it was bounding past.

With a bewildered look on his face, he turned to his opponent and asked: "What shall I do now?"

His opponent, without studied effort or inclination to be funny, replied: "Tee it up, hit it again, and then put your hands in your pockets."



Well, good-bye, dear. Are you quite sure you've got everything?

The Way of the War

(Continued from page 344)

and the Turks have no quarrel. The way to the Mediterranean is, however, nearly clear. By the re-annexation of Bessarabia the Russians are on the mouths of the Danube.

The retrocession of the Southern Dobruja to Bulgaria brings a friendly Slav state to within a hundred miles or so of the Soviet posts. The southern part of the Dobruja—the province of Rumania lying between the easternmost loop of the Danube and the Black Sea—was, as is well known, annexed by the Rumanians after the Second Balkan War: the northern part of the same province was given to the embryo Rumanian state by the Russians in 1877 to indemnify it for the loss of that part of Bessarabia the Russians reoccupied after the Russo-Turkish war.

The situation in Rumania is confused. If there is to be any more pruning or any foreign occupation of the remaining territory (or even without either of these eventualities) Russia may decide that the Northern Dobruja is necessary to her and there is really no one to say her nay. As it seems probable that the next country to feel the blast will be Greece and as the Bulgarians have claims to what is known as Eastern Thrace, that includes the coast of the Mediterranean from the frontier of European Turkey westwards (including the fertile valleys of Seres, Drama and Kavalla which produce the finest "Turkish" tobacco) Russia in the event of a reshuffle here would get her much-coveted outlet to the Middle Sea through a country traditionally devoted to everything Russian. The Bulgarian Communist Party is the largest in the world after that of Russia itself.

The Bulgarian Tsar and his Italian wife could not do much to stop the march of events.

Rump Rumania

Of course, everything may be facilitated by the collapse of Rumania as an independent state. The history of Rumania for the last twenty years is that of a country unprepared morally, physically and economically to play the part assigned to it at the peace making in Paris. It is no uncommon thing to observe that countries which are unable to conquer what they want are also unable to hold it if by chance someone hands them the coveted prize. The Rumanians succeeded in alienating the sympathies of all their neighbours while fancying themselves secure, at first, by a French guarantee and then by a switch-over to Nazi Germany.

In any case, in Rumania as in the essentially different but also much menaced neighbouring land of Yugoslavia, many people have made hay while the sun shone and the reigning houses will not be left penniless should the fortunes of war lead them to seek refuge in some non-totalitarian state.

Italy's Achilles' Heel—Islands

In a very short time we shall be able to see clearer in the Balkan imbroglio. The Eastern Mediterranean is a region of immense importance to us. There is the problem of the Arab world, the question of attack on Egypt, the Turkish attitude (thoroughly loyal although naturally prudent) in view of possible events in Bulgaria and Greece and the possibilities of Italian action. These points I will deal with next week but we should bear in mind the wise and weighty advice of Lord Birdwood—attack Italy and attack Italy in her islands: we are experts at capturing islands and Italy without Leros and Rhodes is paralysed in the Aegean, without Lampedusa and Pantelleria she is powerless to jump to Tunisia, without Sicily and Sardinia she is just a vulnerable mass of extended coastline, power station targets and baffled and far from bellicose "belligerents."

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends . . ."

Thomas Moore



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Night Ride Thrills

A HUNDRED miles' night ride, even across a fairly healthy part of England, can be quite an exciting affair. You may see strange lights in the sky, flickering glows on the ground, flashes and flares and wonder what on earth it all means. As a car makes a certain amount of noise you don't hear guns or bombs unless they are fairly close and for this reason may find yourself in the middle of a show all unsuspecting.

At one point on a recent night ride the horizon was lit up with a menacing glow. Good gracious, thought I, they've fired Blankton. My road led towards the glow and I wondered whether it was wise to proceed. Then all of a sudden the flickering faded and the sky dome blacked out and I realized that the lighting effects were switched on for the benefit of a night landing airman.

The same journey produced several examples of head-lamp cheating. One or two lorries, which may have been Government vehicles, actually used two head-lamps. One switched off one on my approach, while another used a side lamp of such brilliance that I had to pull up at the roadside and wait for it to pass. This sort of behaviour is all wrong and ought to be stopped before the practice spreads. The apprehension of these head-lamp cheats would be far more profitable to the country than the patrolling of deserted but speed restricted streets by smart traffic cops in expensive cars. Some people have a sixth sense for recognizing these cops in the distance. Here are the clues. First, a spotless car, generally black and if not of the saloon type, then with hood and side curtains raised; second, a snooty, steady 30 m.p.h. amble generally close behind another car; and third, the

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

inability to see the driver and passenger through the rear window owing to them intentionally crowding themselves into the sides of the car so as to escape detection. So my advice to these chaps is to patrol the roads after dark and not waste their time snagging a few harmless lorry drivers trying to make up for lost time.

Car Drivers Caught in Raids

Every one should know by now that when caught in an air raid at night he must not switch off

his lights and proceed in the dark. And yet that is exactly what some people have been doing and by this action have added to the dangers of the road and the difficulty of those trying to cope with them. The official advice to drivers is to park their cars with the side lights on, either in a side street or off the main road. If they switch off all lights either when stationary or moving, they are a danger not only to themselves but also to every one else on the road. For it's quite difficult enough to drive by side lamps without having a few unlighted maniacs to deal with as well.

The Cocked Thumb

One of the major attractions of a cross-country journey in wartime is the fun you get from giving people lifts. Ten to one you acquire an entirely fresh line on life from your hour's talk with your unknown passenger. On a recent journey I was hitch-hiked by a young aircraftman. He'd been clerking in civil life but said he wouldn't go back to it at any price. He'd just volunteered as an air gunner and was burning to get on with the job. On the return run I picked up a private who'd been visiting his wife and baby. A thoughtful sort of chap, he'd visited all the colleges at Oxford and confessed that things were pretty tight on seven shillings a week, plus the wife's family allowance. But of his determination to see the war through there was no doubt whatever. His one grouse was the rissoles he and his mates were confronted with at breakfast. According to him they were so bad they made the troops vomit. I asked why no one complained. The answer was they preferred to leave them. This new camaraderie of the road is all to the good. It means nothing to the driver and everything to the hitch-hiker. And because I've given and taken lifts, I know how grateful one feels.



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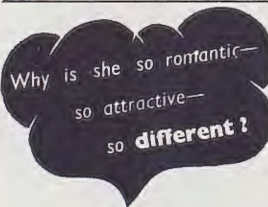
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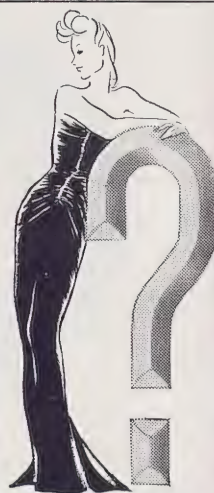


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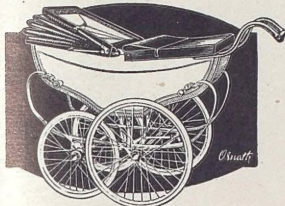
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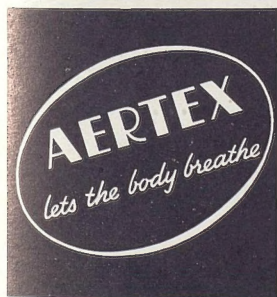


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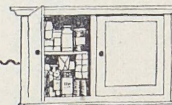
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